SYNOPSIS.

the continued of the Basic and present a man of high rank and present a the 50. The gri calls amber by name. In turn addresses her as Mins Sophis real, damphter of Col. Parrell of the use the disjoination services in India and the Guaina Several nights later Quain house is butplarized and the see for above a manual and become lost and these for above a manual and become lost and these is left margoned. He wanders set, finally resches a cabin and recites as its occupant an old friend and whee appears to be in hiding, and the Farrell is manifolded Rutton is suggly agitated. Chatteril appears I summons Rutton to a meeting of a startous body. Rutton eclass a revoluted damber after Chattaril. He rems wildly avaited, says he has killed Hiddu fakes polson, and when dying a Amber to go to India on a mysterist strand. Amber decides to leave at or for India. On the way he sends as for India. On the way he sends as

CHAPTER XIV.

Over the Water.

Ram Nath, patient and impassive as ever, had the tongs waiting for Anaber before the Residency. Exalted beyond words, the American perentitled himself to be driven off through Kuttarpur's intricate network of streets and backways, toward a dosfination of which he knew as little as he cared. He was a guest of the state. officially domictled at the designated souse of hospitality; without especial permission, obtained through the efforts of the Resident, he could sleep in no other spot in the city or its purlieus. He was indifferent, absolutely; the matter interested him as scantily-which is to may not at allas did the fact that an escort of troopera of the state, very well accounted and disciplined, followed the tonga with a great jangling of steel and tumult of hoofs.

Alighting in the compound, Amber disbursed a few rupees to the troopers, paid off Ram Nath-who was swift to drive off city-wards, in madhaste lest the gates be shut upon in the book and the coot stood up and him for the night-and entered the bungalow. An aged, talkative, and Ram Nath, and Ram Nath is only anarriable khansamah met him at the other name for Har Dyal Rutton, and breshold with expressions of exagger- besides you had better come away at ated respect, no doubt genuine enough, once, for the Eye thou dost wear upon as the Virginian made a brief round of inspection.

Standing between the road and the water, the resthouse proved to be moderately spacious and clean; on the lake front it opened upon a marble bund, or landing stage, its lip lapped by whispering ripples of the lake. Amber went out upon this to discover, meparated from him by little more than half a mile of black water, the shostly white wall of the Raj Mahal climbing in dim majesty to the stars.

The Virginian remained long in rapt wondering contemplation of it, entil the wind blowing across the waters had chilled him to the point of shivering; when he turned indoors to his bed. But he was to have little rest that night. The khansamah who attended him had hardly turned low his light when Amber was disturbed by the noise of an angry altercation in the compound. He arose and in Bressing-gown and slippers went to inwestigate, and found Ram Nath in wiclent dispute with the sergeant of the escort-which, it appeared, had builded a fire and camped round it in the compound: a circumstance which

Bernished food for thought. Amber began to suspect that the troops had been furnished as a guard less of honor than of espionage, less an formal courtesy than in demonstration of the unaleeping vigilance of the Eye-kindly assisted by the Ma-

harana of Khandawar. A man who, warmed by the arder of his first love, feels suddenly the shadow death falling cold upon him, is apt to neglect nothing. Amber considered that he had given Ram Nath no commission of any sort, and bent an attentive ear to the communication which the tongs-wallsh insisted upon

making to him. Ram Nath had returned, he asserted, molely for the purpose of informing Amber in accordance with his desires. The telegraph office for which you enquired, sahib, stands just within the Galeway of the Elephants," he au-"The telegraph babu will be on duty very early in the morning. should you desire still to send the

incasage. "Oh, yes," said Amber indifferently. trid forgotten. Thanka."

all returned to his charpoy with its considerably higher, Ram Nath had not winked this time, but the fact mag judisputable that Amber had not expressed any interest whatever la the location of the telegraph office.

Condering if the telegraph babu by sery chance were pink satin, he dozed of on the decision that he would need to send a message the first thing in | cay." The marming

Some time later he was a second time awakened by further disputation in the compound. The troopers were squabbling amongst themselves; he

to be continually broken by the bickerings of sons of mothers without ing and estentationally dropped the foor was half water, half stone. There applausive "Shabashi" and nothing the way; and remember, if there's bossed with iron, in the wall beyond Amber snuggled down again upon to suffer for it, Dulla Dad."

pret it. Amber did not wenry himself

his pillow and soothed himself with grasped beneath the clothes. Footfalls and hushed voices in the

bungalow were responsible for the next interruption. Amber came to with a start and found himself sitting up on the edge of the charpoy, with a dreamy impression that two people had been standing over him and had just left the room, escaping by way of the khansamah's quarters. He ed it gingerly, seating himself at the pence-that he could hardly have withrubbed the sleep from his eyes and stern. Dulla Dad dropped in forward drawn had he wished to and been able went out to remonstrate vigorously and pushed off. The boat moved out to force Dulla Dad to beed him. As with the khansamah. The latter naturally professed complete ignorunce of the visitation and dwelt with such insistence upon the plausibility of dreams that Amber lost patience and kicked him grievously, so that he complained with a loud voice and cast himself at the sahib's feet, declaring that he was but as the dust beneath them and that Amber was his father and mother and the light of the Universe besides.

Somewhat mollified and reflecting, at the same time, that this was all but a part of the game, to be expected by those who patronize resthouses off the beaten roads of travel, the Virginian returned to his charpoy and immediately lapsed into a singularly disquieting dream. . . . He was strolling by the border of the lake when a coot swam in and hailed him in English; and when he stooped to look the coot lifted an A. D. T. messenger boy's cap and pleaded with him to sign his name in a little black book, promisingthat if he did so, it would be free to doff its disguise and be Labertouche again. So Amber signed "Pink Satin" said: "I'm not Labertouche at all, but they finger never alseps and it's only a paste Token anyway." Hearing which, Amber caught the coot by the leg and found that he had grasped the arm of Salig Singh, whose eyes were both monstrous emeralds without any whites whatever. And Salig Slugh tapped him on the shoulder and began to say over and over again in a whis-

But here Amber another time found himself wideawake and sitting up, his left hand gripping the wrist of a native and his right holding his pistol steadily leveled at the native's breast While the voice he heard was real and no figment of a dream-mused imagination; for the man was whispering earnestly and repeatedly:

"Hasten, hazor, for the night doth wane and the hour is at hand. "What deviltry's this?" Amber de manded sharply, with a threatening

gesture. But the native neither attempted to free himself nor to evade the platol's mouth. "Have patience, hazor," be begged earnestly, "and make no disturbance. It is late and the sepoys sleep; If you will be circumspect and are not afraid-'

"Who are you?" "I was to say, I come from you

know whom, bazoor. "That all " "In the matter of a certain photo-

graph, hazoor. "By thunder!" Labertouche's name was on Amber's lips, but he repressed last dregs of sleep. "Let me think and—see

This last was an afterthought. it came to him he dropped the pistol by his side and felt for matches in the pocket of his cent, which hung over the back of a bestde chair. Finding one, he struck it noiselessly and, the lighted bund that he had seen

captive pearer. stood out against the darkness: an a pause until the moment when it ochre-tinted face with a wide, looselipped mouth and protrucing eyes that boat bows first against the stone; never seen it before

match as its finme died and snatched up his weapon.

"I was to say-" "Dulla Dad, bazoor."

"And who are you from?" "Haroor, I was not to say." "I think you'd better," suggested Amber, with a grim significance. "I am the hazoor's slave. I dare not

"Now look harn-"

what do you want?" the night-

you're to lead me to somebody, somewhere-you can't say where?"

"Aye, hasoor, even so." "Get over there, in the corner, while think this over-and don't move or harshly. "Be careful, Dulla Dad!" I'll make you a present of a nice young bullet, Dulla Dad."

member, hasoor, the injunction for haste."

The man, a small stunted Mohammedan, sidled fearsomely over to the tentative hand, groping in obscurity, spot indicated and waited there, oring- fell upon a siab of stons, smooth and was able to make this much out in lag and supplicating Amber with elo-slippery, but solid. "You mean here?" uplie of the fact that the sepoys, re- quont gentures. The Virginian watchcruited exclusively from the native ed him closely until comforted by the population of Khandawar, spoke a pa- reflection that, had murder been the tols of Hindi so corrupt that even an object, he had been a dead man long to your place of rest" expert in Oriental languages would since. Then he put aside the revolver

experience difficulty in trying to inter- and began to dress. with the task, but presently lifted up communicate with me by such rocked. He struck a match; the short-ble voice and demanded silence, desirstealth," he considered. "Besides, lived flame afforded him a feeble, uning to be informed if his sleep was that reference to the photograph-"

noses. There followed instantaneous- pistol into his right-hand coat-pocket. was a landing to the left, a rather narsilence; broken by a chuckle and an | "I'm ready," he told the man. "Lead | row ledge, with a low, heavy door, any treachery afoot, you'll be the first

which opened upon the bund, Amber

close behind him. In the water at their feet a light broadside to the steps and motioned

walls of the Raj Mahal. Two-thirds of the way across the ly dark Virginian surrendered % his mistrust | By the door a servant stood, his at-

"reader, it was coursed upon me to | cent come. At least the native west four; then, with a gaugle of some ward the man, eyes aching with the his black eyes glittering ominously "I was to say, 'lingien, hazoor, for futile strain of striving to penetrate with well-nigh the sinister brilliance the blackness. He could see nothing of his vibrating amerald aigrette. "I've heard that, too. You mean more definite than shadows. The boat was resting motionless on the tide, as If auspended in an abyes of night. fathomiers and empty.

"Well, what now?" he demanded non of Kinga?" "We are arrived, hasoer," said the native calmly. "If you will be pleased "That is as Allah wills; only re- to step ashore, having care lest you overturn the boat, the steps are on

> "Where I Oh!" Amber's "Aye, hazoor."

Figur laft."

"And what next?" "I am to wait to conduct you back

"Um? You are, eh?" doubtful, tried the stone again; it was "Only Labertouchs would have to substantial enough; only the boat satisfactory impression of a long, nar-He slipped hurriedly into his cloth- row, vaulted chamber, whereof the

Shaking his head, he lifted himself cautiously out of the boat. "You stay The Mohammedan bowed submis right there, Dulla Dad," he warned the the feel of the pistol that his fingers sively. "Be it so, my lord," he said in native, "until I see what happens. If Hindi, and, moving noiselessly with I catch you trying to get away-the unshed feet, glided through the door boat'll show up nicely against the opening, you know-Fil give you cause for repentance."

"I am here, hazoor. Turn you and

Amber obeyed, wrought up now to Amber to enter. The Virginian board- so high a pitch of excitement and susupon the bosom of the lake with he knuckled the third signal, the door scarce a sound, and the native, grasp- swung slowly inward, disclosing, in a ing a double-bladed paddle, dipped it dim glow of light, stone walls-a bare gently and sent the frail craft flying stone chamber illuminated by a single onward with long, swift, and powerful | fron lamp hanging in chains from the strokes, guiding it directly toward the cetting. Across the room a dark entry opened upon a passageway equal-

and drew his pistol. "Dulla Dad," he titude deferential. As the Virginian's



Remained Long in Rapt Wondering Contemplation of it.

said gently; and the man ceased pad | gaze fell upon him he salnamed redling with a shudder- "Dulla Dad, spectfully. rou're taking me to the palace."

tive answered, his voice quavering. quickly!

travel far. "Dulla Ded!"

"Hazoor, I may not say!" The boat surged swiftly on, while

again and again Amber's finger trembled on the trigger. Though already the white gleaming walls towered "Walt a bit." He gulped down the above him, it was not ret too latenot too late; but should be withdraw. force Dulla Dad to return, he might what?

He did nothing save resign himself to the linue. As they drew nearer the moonlit walls he looked in vain for sign of a landing stage, and wondered. as the tiny flame broadened, draw his from over the water being invisible to him round an angle of the build-It was a fat, mean, wicked face that ing. But Dulla Dad held on without seemed that he intended to dash the blinked nervously into his. But he had then, with a final dexirous twist of the paddle, he swung at a sharp angle "Who are you!" He cast away the and simultaneously checked the speed. Under scant momentum they sild from moonlight and the clean air of night into a close well between two "I heard that once. What's your walls, and then suddenly beneath an offering his jaweled swordhit in token struction. Every raid that the public arch and into a cavernous chamber of his fealty. filled with the soft murmurings of

water and with darkness. and rank with the odor of slime.

"Haroor!" It was Dulla Dad's voice, steek with it!" the aggents. Amber was not sorry to moved the body or the man at his the most touching letter."

Amber entered, his eyes quick, his

"Yea, hazoor; that is true," the na- right hand in his pocket and grateful for the celd caress of nickeled steel, "Who awaits me there? Answer his body poised lightly and tensely upon the balls of his feet-in a word. "Hazoor, it is not wise to speak a ready. Prepared against the worst he name upon the water, where volces was hopeful of the best: apprehensive, he reminded himself that he had first met Labortouche under auspices hardly more prepossessing than these,

The clang of the door closing hehind him rang hollowly in the stillness. The warder moved past him to. he entrance of the corridor. Amber held him with a sharp question. "Am I to wait here?"

"For a mome ", heaven-born!" He disappeared.

Without a sound a door at Amber's bow that had escaped his cursory notice, so cunningly was it fitted in the wall, swung open, and a remembered voice boomed in his ears, not without a certain sardonic inflection: "Welcome, my lord, welcome to Khandawar!

Amber swung upon the speaker with a snarl. "Sallg Singh!" "Thy steward bids thee welcome to

thy kingdom, hazoor!"

Dominating the scene with his imposing presence-a figure regal in the regimentals of his native army—the furniture smashed in a gambling raid. Rajput humbled himself before the Virginian, dropping to his knee and beg us for these implements of de-

"Oh, get up!" snapped Amber un-Here the air was sluggish and heavy tomfoolery. Get up, d'you hear!-un- away the ax that struck a blow sx less you want me to take that pretty corruption. sword of yours and spank you with

fawning. For all the repulsiveness of A quiver, as of self-spression, sends it to the person who can write

"My lord!" he cried sagrily. "Are these words to use to one who offers thes his beart and band? Is this insolence to be suffered by a Rajput, 8

"As for that," returned Amber steadily, giving him look for look, "your grandfather was a busis and



"Is That Language Plain Enough for You?"

you know it. Whether or not you're going to 'suffer' what you call my insolence, I don't know, and I don't much care. You've made a fool of me twice, now, and I'm tired of it. 1 boat was gently nosing the marble knock upon the door thus"-rapping give you my word I don't understand bund. Dulla Dad, squatting, draw it the gunwale of the boat-"thrice." why I don't shoot you down here and now, for I believe in my heart you're the unhaliest scoundrel unhung is that language plain enough for FOU?"

For an instant longer they faced one another offensively, Amber cool enough outwardly and inwardly bolling with rage that he should have walked into the trap with his eyes open, Salig Singh trembling with resentment but holding himself in with splendid restraint,

"As for me," continued Amber, "I suspect I'm the most hopeless ass in the three Presidencies, if that's any comfort to you, Salig Singh. Now what d'you wast with me?"

A shadowy smile softened the black heas of the Rajput's wrath. He shrugged and moved his hands slightly, exposing their paims, subtly signifying his submission.

"Thou art my overlord," he said quietly, with a silky deference. "In time thou wilt see how thou hast wronged me. For the present, I remain thy servant. I harbor no resentment, I owe thee naught but loyalty. I awalt thy commands."

"The dickens you do!" Amber whistled inaudibly, his eyes narrowing as he pondered the man. "You protest a lot, Salig Singh. If you're so much at my service . . . why, prove it." By way of reply Salig Singh lifted his sword in its scabbard from its fastenings at his side and, with a magnificent gesture, cast it clanking to the floor between them. A heavy Engsh army pattern revolver followed t. The Rajput spread out his hands. Thou art armed, my lord," he said.

I, at thy mercy. If thou dost misjudge my purpose in causing thee to be brought hither, my life is in thy hands."

"Oh, yes." Amber nodded, "That's very pretty. But presuming I chose to take it?

"Thou art free as the winds of the norning. See, then." Sally Singh strode to the outer door and threw it open. "The way of escape is clear -not even locked.

The lamplight fell across the stone anding and made visible the waiting coat with Dulia Dad sitting patiently at the oar.

"I see," assented Amber. "Well?" Salig Singh shut the door gently. "Is there more to say?" he encutred. "I have shown thee that thou art free.'

CTO BE CONTINUED.)

Insans for Hiring Him.

This one was told of the late Senator Dolliver. It is of the trial of a man for murder, who was undoubtedly guilty, but was acquitted, greatly to the surprise of the presiding judge. The jury had been out two days considering the case, without reaching a conclusion. Then the judge called the lury into court and asked what the difficulty was. The foreman said:

"Judge, there is only one thing that ta troubling us. Was the prisoner's counsel appointed by the court, or retained by the prisoner himself?"

"The prisoner is a man of means," said the judge, "and he retained his wn counsel.

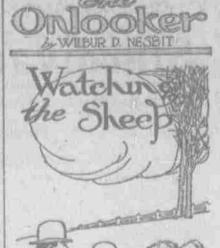
Ten minutes later the jury sent out word that an agreement had been reached. They filed into court. The foreman rose and announced the verdict: "Acquitted, on the ground of in-

Looking for an Ax

sanity."

"There is a certain kind of souvenir fiend that has pretty poor pickings these days," said the policeman. mean the man or woman-usually it is a woman-who wants the az with which the door is cut down and the "There are Puritans a plenty who kets wind of brings out scores of lettera from foes of gambling who have patiently. 'Tm sick of all this damned the cotton batting all ready to pack

"Unless the old ay gets lost in the shulfte somebody to the crowd usualty



As from the field they sped.
Each one intent that it whould keep
Heblind the one ahead.
"How silly!" cried a lady fair.
"Tis comical indeed
To see them running everywhere
With one sheep in the lead."

(And she, as I told brother Mike With a sarcastic smile, She and the rest wore clothes affice And hats all of one style!)

We stood and watched the sheep again Until one persons sheep Dashed for the fence, and, there and

then.
Went o'er it with a leap.
Belind it in an ordered line
The flock jumped one by one.
"The fools"—this wise remark was mine—
"Ape what they have seen done."

(And brother Mike and all the men, As I observed to him, Wore clothes that were called styling And forte aiffee in brim.)

And as we left we saw the sheep Befind it it would fail. Durnb silly things," we all agreed As on our way we turned. For sleep there is a lot, indeed.

That they have never learned. (Fut most of us do things alike. As the as the can be-is I observed to brother Mike And Mike observed to me!)

PRECEPT UPON PRECEPT:



"How dare you, sir!" exclaims the beauteous creature, after the method-

ical young man has klosed her. "Why, didn't you Just agree with me when I said that I believed in 'a place for everything and everything in its place?"

A Suggestion.

It might be a very good thing, indeed, And clour up a lot of our mystery, If some historical novelet Should write a historical history.

Snow. Snow is what city folks cail beautiful and shovel off the ground at once. and country folks give no considera-

tion whatever. Snow is composed of crystals, watch are arranged in geometrical designs. Some one may demonstrate that this shows a connection between geometry and barometry, if he or she desires,

Show is like some people-it is all right until it becomes stoppy. Snow makes stelgh rides possible; and sleigh rides are halled with de light by foolish young people who want to freeze to death holding manda when they might accomplish the same

feat in safety and warmth in the Ischie Snow is not a marketable commodity. If it were, we would all be shoveling for Rockefeller.

Snew is an Inspiration for poets. coal dealers and fur merchants.

Labor Troubles. "How does your new house in the

country look, now that it is finished?" we asked our friend. "It isn't finished," he replies.

"But you began work on it six nonths and more since." "Yes, but I got tato trouble because the plumbers' union wanted me

to let them do the piping of the quait." Indefinite.

"I wish," he said to the editor of the Bingville Banner, "that you would state in your paper that I expect to go away for the heated season." "All right," agreed the editor. "But, shall I put that in the society news or hold it for the obituary column?"

Micheer D. Kestit.